

---

# C O R S I C A.

---

[ Price SIX-PENCE. ]  
5

• A C T S R O C O

[Page 8 of 11]

# C O R S I C A,

A N

O D E.

---

*Virtutem ex Me, verumque laborem,*

*Fortunam ex aliis -----*

VIRG. Æn.

---

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR J. RIDLEY, IN ST. JAMES'S STREET,

M D C C L X V I I I.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1919

PRINTED FOR L. RIDGEY IN ST. JAMES'S STREET  
LONDON  
1860

## C O R S I C A, &c.

**R**EBELS!—avaunt th' inglorious name  
 To Those who burn with Virtue's flame!  
 To Heroes, whose undaunted soul  
 Spurns haughty GENOA's rude control,  
     And mocks the Tyrant's nod ;  
 Usurper! 'tis in vain—thy sway  
 True Corage deigns not to obey,  
     Or bow beneath the rod.  
 True Corage, rous'd by Honor's laws,  
 Will perish—in her Country's cause;  
 Her claim, the heav'n-born Rights, which Freedom gave ;  
 Though worlds against her league, she cannot sink a slave.

See!

## C O R S I C A.

See ! how she dooms to foul disgrace  
 Mean Impotency's dastard-race !  
 With curses, hark ! they drop the chain,  
 Their fiend Oppression rear'd in vain,

Drop—to the *trait'rous* GAVL !

Each gale to BRITAIN wafts her cries ;  
 —To thee she heaves Affliction's sighs ;  
 Oh ! hear a Sister's call !

The Brave distress'd—thy succor lend !

—Thou ever yet wert Mis'ry's friend ;

'Tis thine to wipe the tear, to lull the moan :

Oh ! save them from their foes, yes ! save them from thine own.

Still undisturb'd by GALLIA's train

Might rest the sea-encircled plain ;

Still, CORSICA, thy barb'rous shore

Might smile amid the billows' roar,

With all an Island's pride ;

Of Commerce, and of Toil the seat,

Might view thy unaspiring fleet

In CALVI's harbor ride.

O'er VICO's wide-expanded grove

The shepherd still might chaunt his love,

Bless'd with content, unconscious of alarms ;

Nor stain his paths with blood, or mourn the din of arms.

Mark !

## C O R S I C A.

3

Mark! the rude cottage, wildly spread  
High on the rock's enormous head!  
Whose waste of horror mates the sky,  
Nature's Palladium—to defy

Invasion's giant-might;

Where social fires, nocturnal cheer,  
Shine through the vale a starry sphere,  
—Or meteors' glimm'ring light\*.

Here natives hardy as their soil

Might ply secure their daily toil;

Bles'd!—for unknown the throbs of venal pow'r,  
Unknown the sweets that pall ITALIA's luscious hour.

Still—but 'tis thine to feel the dart

Ambition aims at BRITAIN's heart:

For not, alas! thy fleecy train,

That winds, elusive of their swain,

The forest's craggy maze;

Not the huge oak's majestic shade,

Perhaps old Ocean's joy display'd

—In future happier days;

Not all, thy little kingdom boasts,

Could tempt th'intruder to thy coasts,

Not Freedom's charms allure—though GALLIA's ire

Has ever loath'd the realm, which Freedom's smiles inspire,

Pity

\* BOSWELL'S History of Corsica, p. 29.

## C O R S I C A.

Pity an injur'd, infant land,  
—BRITAIN, 'tis thine with soft'ring hand  
To swell the buds of Glory, thine  
To bid the treasur'd mental mine  
    Luxuriant burst to view ;  
Congenial radiance marks the State—  
The paths, which gave thee to be great,  
    Her vig'rous steps pursue.  
'Tis Her's to catch the patriot flame ;  
—Each struggling TEUCER springs to fame,  
And calls thy mountains, CORTE, if BRITAIN shield,  
To boast a CRESSY's worth, or BLENHEIM's nobler field.

Why sheath'd the sword ! what magic charm  
Arrests the vengeance of thine arm ?  
Say, does the siren Peace beguile ?  
Still luring with Corruption's smile  
    Unman the warrior's heart ?  
Myriads of Pleasures in her train,  
Say, does she lead thee to the reign  
    Of Lux'ry, and of Art ?—  
—Her Sybarites oft has BRITAIN led,  
Though roses strew'd their silken bed,  
Through streams of slaughter led them to renown,  
And o'er the myrtle wreath'd the laurel's deathless crown.

Why

Why sleep lethargic!—crush the foe,  
And ward the *meditated* blow.

Had CADIZ known thy *hostil* pow'r,  
Sunk in the dust th'embattled tow'r

Had quell'd the SPANIARD's pride;  
No more had BOURBON's hydra-race  
(While black Dishonor veil'd his face)

A Conqu'ror's arms defy'd.

Arise! whose bosom, prone to fave,  
Wish'd not a \* subject—for a slave;  
Wish'd not in arbitrary chains to bend;  
—Oh! bid a realm be free, which stamps thee for a friend.

Nor deem, where tears from Merit fall,  
Religion deaf to Nature's call;  
The Muse, who fill'd with sacred ire,  
To quench th'imperious papal fire,

Has drawn the *cens'ring* pen,  
Gives o'er the warrior's *Christian* soul,  
Fair Charity, thy streams to roll;

—Reflect, that they are men!

If errors cloud their wayward mind,  
If tyrant Superstition blind,  
Not theirs the *guilty* thought—the blaze of light  
Pour on the cheerless gloom, and guide them to the right.

Guide

## C O R S I C A.

Guide them, where Learning's social hour  
May harmonise Retirement's bow'r ;  
To SPARTA's rugged glebe dispense  
The honey'd dews of Eloquence,  
And pour an ATTIC reign ;  
Unfold, Philosophy, thy charms !  
Oh ! sooth the iron voice of Arms  
With Reason's purer strain !  
And Thou, with consecrating breath,  
Hist'ry, record their deeds of death ;  
Let Truth proclaim a baffled GENOA's groan,  
And grace a Classic Isle with BOSWELLS of her own.

Wrapp'd in a *new* LYCÆUM's shade  
I see the aged Hero lay'd !  
Prophetic see, on eagle wing,  
Sweet Poesy's enchantments spring,  
And tune the *fav'rite* lore ;  
Prophetic listen to the tale,  
' O'er ev'ry hill, through ev'ry vale,  
    'BELLONA wakes no more.'  
Fir'd by the soul-exalting theme,  
I pant to realise the dream ;  
With flow'rs of Genius deck the Patriot's thought,  
And point the blissful scene a PAÖLI has wrought.

Warrior,

## C O R S I C A.

7

Warrior, whose heart, averse to blood,  
Still triumphs in a Nation's Good !  
Statesman, whose frown, with terrors spread,  
Rolls thunder on Corruption's head ;  
Whose smile is—Virtue's shield !  
Sage, who alike with watchful zeal  
Unruffled plan'st the Public Weal  
In council, and the field !  
Teach *polis'd* BRITAIN—to be free ;  
Teach her to think, to act—like Thee ;  
Like Thee—the softer bands of Concord prove,  
And all her gen'rous sons imbibe their Country's Love.

F I N I S.

## C O R S I C A

Boold o' shiva jind shofar zimzim  
HooG' hohi n' al adymin hooG  
Soror stories with shofar, mazalot  
; hood's hood on G'milut chessed  
! blwif a'zurim — i shofar shofar  
Ibox hulda with zimzim zimzim  
IszW zimzim zimzim hulda  
! zimzim zimzim zimzim  
; zimzim zimzim zimzim  
; zimzim zimzim zimzim  
; zimzim zimzim zimzim

3. V. A. E.